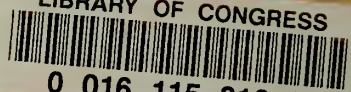


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# THE REPUBLIC.

A POEM.

*Wm. Oland Bourne*

BY  
WM. OLAND BOURNE.

*///*

—  
“The Union must and shall be preserved.”—JACKSON.  
“Liberty and Union—one and inseparable—now and forever.”—WEBSTER.  
“I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just.”—JEFFERSON.  
—

[SCHOOL EDITION.]



NEW-YORK:  
RICHARD BRINKERHOFF, 103 FULTON STREET.  
1861.

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# THE REPUBLIC.

“ *The great Republic is no more.* ”—LONDON TIMES.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

“ NO MORE ! ”

Thus sigh the eastern winds,  
As o'er the sea they come,  
And waft their murmurs deep  
To Freedom's radiant home ;  
The sad waves die away  
Along the ocean strand,  
And whisper low, “ No more !  
“ No more ! O glorious land ! ”

“ No more ? ” a voice replied ;  
“ What meaning words are these ?  
A nation oft may pass  
Through red and bloody seas !  
Through fierce baptismal fires,  
Through nights that have no ray,  
God's people oft must pass  
To win unclouded day.  
O Prophet of the world's deep woe !  
O Prophet at the gloomy shrine !  
Invoke its mystery, and show  
The future, if thou canst divine ! ”

A solemn tone,  
That died along the New World's shore,  
Brought back alone  
The Prophet's words, “ No more ! ”

“No more, COLUMBIA! shall thy banner wave  
In lustrous azure with its peerless stars;  
Thy glory now has found a lasting grave—  
Thy strength shall perish through the bloody Mars.

“No more the nations of the world shall sigh  
For Freedom’s vision when they learn thy dream,  
But watching where they see the mighty die,  
Shall hopeless wait while flows the sullen stream.

“Come up, O millions! gather round the bier,  
Where lies the great Republic in its sleep;  
We bury nations like the loved and dear,  
O’er whom we linger while we stand and weep.

“Unlock the sepulchres of ancient Time!  
Turn back the bolts that keep the realms of gloom!  
For now we bury in an age sublime  
A nation glorious in her early doom.

“In deep, dark caves where despots long have lain,  
And chains have rusted with the added years,  
We lay her down, no more to rise again,  
Nor make our visions restless with our fears.

“In awful shadows and the sacred urn,  
Her place shall be remembered, but no more  
Shall Freedom’s name make human hearts to burn,  
Or swell in grandeur from the western shore.

“The temple crumbles, and the pillars fall!  
The altar passes, and the worship dies!  
The millions gather as they bear the pall,  
And Freedom seeks her refuge in the skies.

“In peaceful slumber let her pass away!  
’Tis vain the ancient spirit to restore!

The sun is set, and peaceful let the day  
Close on the mighty nation now no more !”

The waves rolled on,  
And, dying, murmured forth, “ No more !”  
The low, sad winds  
Breathed, as they lulled to rest, “ No more !”  
The ancient cliff,  
In muttered echoes, said, “ No more !”  
And in my heart,  
Where Hope was dying on the shore  
Of Doubt and Death,  
The solemn pulses beat “ No more !”

“ O Prophet of the world’s deep woe !  
Is this the answer from thy shrine ?  
Wait till the morrow—thou shalt know  
That Freedom hath a life divine !  
The sun shall stand in heaven to-day,  
Nor set once more on hill or plain,  
While freemen strike, and toil, and pray,  
Till Freedom lives in bliss again !”

And still the Prophet said,  
“ The nation now is dead !  
The great Republic is no more !”

Star after star went down,  
The flag was trailed in dust,  
And chiefs of old renown,  
Forsook their sacred trust :  
It seemed too true,  
As the Prophet said,  
That the life had sped,  
And the soul was dead,  
And the nation lived no more !

And e'en when Sumter fell,  
 The heart beat silent with its doubt,  
 A moment only—for the spell  
 Was broken by the freemen's shout.

“To arms! to arms!” they cry,

“Defend that flag, or die!”

“To arms!” amid their tears,

“To arms!” as in the years

When heroes saw the field of battle nigh;

“To arms!” replied the hills;

“To arms!” the mountains grand;

“To arms let him who wills!”

Swept o'er the freeman's land;

It leaped from hill to hill,

It shook the mountain crag,

For love's electric thrill

Still kept the starry flag;

“To arms!” replied the plains,

The hot blood throbbing through the veins;

For millions rallied with the vow,

“We strike for Freedom surely now,

In heaven's great name the damning wrong shall bow!”

From the steep mountain side,

From the deep flowing tide,

From the green prairies wide,

“Forward!” they cry;

From the far eastern hills,

From the pure flowing rills,

From the great busy mills,

“Onward for aye!”

From the forge, old and grim,

From the mine, dark and dim,



Swelled the bold hero-hymn,  
 "Onward or die!"  
 And to their arms they sprung,  
 Freedom on every tongue,  
 True to the songs they sung,  
 Filling the sky:—

"Arm, brothers! arm! for the foe is before us,  
 Filled with deep hate to the Union we love;  
 Onward we press, with the loud-swelling chorus,  
 Shaking the earth and the heaven above.

*Chorus*—Arm, brothers, arm!  
 For the strife be ye ready!  
 With an eye ever steady!  
 Arm, brothers, arm!

"On, brothers, on! for they haste to the battle!  
 The treason is theirs whom we trusted so long;  
 For Freedom we fight—not man as a chattel,—  
 And Union shall triumph—the Right over Wrong.

*Chorus*—Arm, brothers, arm!

"Haste, brothers, haste! for the moments are flying!  
 An hour now lost may undo all the past!  
 And millions of mourners now burdened are sighing,  
 And terror-struck bow in the force of the blast!

*Chorus*—Arm, brothers, arm!

"Come, brothers, come! It is time for the starting!  
 We pray on the field! At the altar *they* pray  
 Who mourn for our loss. Up, now, for the parting—  
 Our children shall bless us for valor to-day!

*Chorus*—Arm, brothers, arm!

“Swear, brothers, swear! For the Union forever!  
 Resting not now till each traitor is riven!  
 God for our land, and of Freedom the Giver,  
 Onward we haste in the sunshine of heaven.

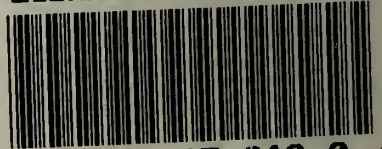
*Chorus*--Arm, brothers, arm!”

“She lives!” the freeman cried,  
 “She lives!” my heart replied,  
 “She lives!” rolled o’er the plain  
 And thrilled the waking land,  
 That caught it back again  
 From mountains old and grand;  
 And starry banners waved  
 From peak, and dome, and spire,  
 The flag of love and peace,  
 And glory’s quenchless fire!

O toiling millions on the Old World’s shore!  
 Look up, rejoicing, for she is not dead!  
 The soul is living as it lived before,  
 When sainted heroes spurned the tyrant’s tread;  
 The strife is earnest and the day wears on,  
 And ages tremble with the mighty blow—  
 Beyond the conflict is a glorious dawn,  
 A rapturous birth of Freedom out of woe!  
 The clouds may gather, and the storm be long,  
 And lightnings leap across the darkened sky,  
 But Freedom lives to triumph over wrong,  
 It still will live, for Truth can never die!

PRINTED BY E. O. JENKINS,  
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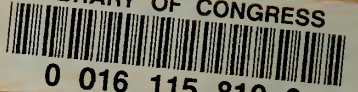
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